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# The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VI.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1877.

NUMBER 40.

## "LOOK AT HOME."

Should you feel inclined to censure  
Faults you may in others view,  
Ask your own heart, ere you venture,  
If that has not failings, too.

Let not friendly words be broken,  
Rather strive a friend to gain;  
Many a word in anger spoken  
Finds its passage back again.

Do not, then, in idle pleasure,  
Trifle with a brother's fame;  
Guard it as a valued treasure,  
Sacred as your own good name.

Do not form opinions blindly,  
Hastiness to trouble tends;  
Those of whom we've thought unkindly  
Often become our warmest friends.

## "ONE WOMAN'S LIFE."

It was all said and done in a mo-  
ment's time. The full glory of the  
noontide sun played into the neat lit-  
tle kitchen, where busy Avis was hur-  
rying about, setting the table, seeing to  
the cooking, and attending, in wo-  
man's fashion, to a dozen things at  
once; and, in consequence of over-  
much care, the pretty face was some-  
what ruffled, and the fair brow drawn  
in an unbecoming frown, and the tow  
of human nature was just ready for a  
spark to kindle into a blaze. It was  
not long in coming. A man's quick,  
firm tread came up the steps, and broad-  
shouldered, cheery-voiced John enter-  
ed, and threw himself in a chair with a  
petulant:

"Well, Avis, will dinner ever be  
ready?"

"No, it won't," was the equally-petu-  
lant rejoinder.

Oh, what a pitiful trifle to wreck  
two lives upon! But many a desolate  
home and many a broken heart have  
come from as light a word as this.

They were both out of temper; and  
may be with some little reason, for the  
day was hot, and John had been hard  
at work since the dewy dawn, was  
hungry and tired, and the moon-faced  
clock on the mantle was on the stroke  
of 1—an unprecedented hour for dinner  
in that thrifty household.

But, then, Avis had had a trying  
morning of it, too. In the first place,  
the bread wouldn't rise; and, when at  
last she had with much persuasion in-  
duced it to assume the delicate light-  
ness dear to every housekeeper's heart,  
the fire wouldn't burn. The wood was  
a thought to long for the little shin-  
ing stove, and just the least bit green,  
and sputtered and smoked dismally  
through the tiny crack of the stove-  
door, that wouldn't stay shut. Then  
baby Ellice lost her kitten, and made  
pitiful moan over the bereavement,  
dogging her mother's busy step with  
incessant cry: "Kitty! Kitty! Want  
Kitty!" till what with the heat, the hur-  
ry and worry, the poor little woman's  
good angel deserted her and left her  
to fight her fight single-handed.

Oh, what desperate need just then  
for the soft answer that "turneth away  
wrath;" for one little word followed  
another till, with flaming cheeks and  
angry eyes, Avis said hotly:

"Very well, go; and I hope you'll  
never come back. I rue the hour that  
ever I set eyes upon you."

John started to his feet, savagely  
flung down a nosegay that toddling  
baby Ellice had crowded into his hand  
during the altercation, stopped on the  
threshold to fling back under his breath  
and in a raging passion the angry an-  
swer: "I will go! You shan't say that  
again!" and was gone, striding down  
the road, heedless of the frightened  
baby-voice calling: "Papa, papa!"  
O, Avis! call him back while there  
is yet time. Will you let your happi-  
ness slip from your grasp like that?  
She looked after him as his stalwart  
figure turned the corner and was lost  
to sight. O lonely Avis! how that  
memory stung you many a time in af-  
ter years.

She turned silently from the door  
when the dusty country road was em-  
pty, and began to clear away the un-  
tasted meal. In the course of her work  
she trod on the tiny knot of flowers  
John had thrown down in his passion,  
and she mechanically picked it up and  
laid it on the table; for Avis loved flow-  
ers, and handled them ever with affec-  
tionate care.

By-and-by the work was all done,  
and baby Ellice sleeps in her white  
nest, and Avis sat down with her sew-  
ing on the low stool in the cool shade.

It was a pretty, old-fashioned garden  
where tall hollyhocks grew by the  
fences, and honeysuckles made gay the  
little porch, and pinks yielded their  
odoriferous sighs to the warm air, and,  
close by Avis, where she sat, a blos-  
soming tuft of "Love-lies-bleeding."  
Ah! yes, Love indeed lay bleeding in  
her home, struck down by her angry  
hand, held down by her angry foot,  
and vainly pleaded to be raised to its  
wonted home. But the pretty face  
was stern, and the busy fingers paused  
often in their task, and the blue eyes  
looked absently over the clover-fields  
and apple-orchard, while the work stop-  
ped unheeded to her feet. At last her  
face softened, and her eyes filled.

"He never meant it," she said to her-  
self, "John was in a passion and so  
was I, and he'll come back by sun-  
down, and we'll make it up, and never  
never quarrel any more."

There had been none to say "nay"  
when John Cranshaw wooed pretty  
Avis Redmond; for both were orphans,  
and both had their way in the world to  
make for themselves, and a somewhat  
difficult task each was finding it—Avis  
as village teacher, and John as small  
market-gardener—when some country  
festivity threw themselves together,  
and straightway "the old, old story was  
told again," and Avis was smiling and  
blushing in the village church, sweet  
as a pink in the simple wedding gar-  
ments. Hearty voices wished them  
joy, and willing hands helped Avis to  
renovate and adorn in a modest, home-  
ly way the atom of a cottage John called  
his, and where he had lived in all the  
delights and disadvantages of bach-  
elohood. Heaven smiled on them,  
and their joint fortunes thrived apace,  
and in due time various little improve-  
ments and little womanly adornments  
made it a very snug little home indeed,  
and when baby Ellice crowned the  
whole with the rosy charm of infancy  
nothing was wanting.

But what sky is without clouds?  
What rose without its thorn? Two  
young natures little used to self-disci-  
pline chafed each other. Loving each  
other tenderly, each was quick to re-  
sent a hasty word, and one brings  
many another; like the tiny rivulets  
that give each its little all to swell the  
mighty river that rolls resistless to the  
sea.

So she sat that mellow afternoon,  
thinking intently of the happiness of  
her married life and the bare loneliness  
of the time when she was only the  
"teacher," and had "boarded around,"  
having no home of her own, no strong  
arm to lean on over the rough places  
of life; and yet, remembering all this,  
she was a little slow to blame herself,  
a little loath to forgive John's hasty  
words.

"Let not the sun go down upon thy  
wrath!" Who said that just in her ear?  
She started up and looked around.  
No one was near, but the level rays of  
the declining sun poured broadly over  
the meadow-lands, and the tinkling  
bells of the home-coming herds broke  
musically on the silence.

Her cheeks burned as she realized  
she had spent the whole of the lovely  
afternoon cherishing her anger, till  
now it turned to sting her to quick re-  
pentance.

The sudden revulsion of feeling sent  
a song to her lips and a happy light  
into her eyes, and hurrying into the  
house, she caught baby Ellice from her  
crib and cuddled her close, crying:

"Papa is coming, baby, and we'll  
meet him in the lane, and we'll make  
him the nicest supper that ever was  
eaten."

A light heart and willing hand can  
do wonders, and soon the neat table  
was laid, and a brisk fire snapping and  
glowing in the little stove, and such  
simple dainties as John liked best in a  
state of delicate perfection.

Then Avis sat down on the steps  
again while the kettle sang merrily its  
homely song, and the crickets answer-  
ed from the short, smooth grass. The  
nightmoths flitted about, and the red  
sun went quite down.

What kept him so long, she wonder-  
ed. An uneasy feeling crept over her  
as she sat, looking somewhat anxiously  
down the lane. The stars were com-  
ing out, and Star and Daisy were wait-  
ing patiently at the milking-yard gate.

"Why didn't he come? Why didn't  
he come?" Then, like a flash of light-  
ning, striking her cold with terror,  
came the thought—perhaps he would  
never come again.

The song was dead on her lips, and  
hope dead in her heart. Mechanically,  
she arose, took down shining milk pails,  
let in the patient animals, milked, fed  
and watered them, and then, in her  
spotless dairy, strained and set away  
the shining pans of milk, all with a  
strange, numb feeling, and with one  
thought surging through her brain:  
"He will never come again, never any  
more." The fire was out, the kettle's  
song was still, and the table stood a  
mute reminder of the joyous hopes  
that went down with the sun.

"He would not come." Stronger  
and stronger grew the conviction as  
she robed Ellice for the night, and  
hushed her to rest, and then, with cold,  
trembling hands, set in order her ru-  
ined home. The hasty word had been  
said that had parted them forever; he  
would come no more. Presently she  
took up the faded flowers that lay on  
the table, to throw them away, when a  
sudden waft of fragrance from the dy-  
ing blossoms smote her like a blow,  
and, with a burst of bitter tears, she  
held them to her lips, sobbing:

"They were like my home, blooming  
and sweet, and now naught but the fra-  
grance remains, like a haunting mem-  
ory, forever and forever." She put  
them in her bosom and went back to  
her lonely watch. She knew it was  
useless, but she sat there all night, and  
only the stars that have shone forever  
saw her tears and heard her moans.

In that silent watch she thought it all  
out—faced the heavy truth and accept-  
ed the burden, and, as the rosy dawn  
crept into the paling east, there came  
to her sore heart blessed words: "Come  
unto me, all ye who are weary and  
heavy laden, and I will give you rest."  
Like rain to the desert came the heal-  
ing words, and on her knees by baby  
Ellice in her rosy sleep she poured out  
her anguish and repentance in a voice-  
less prayer and rain of saving tears.

The village life was soon astir, and  
to meet curious eyes and questioning  
tongues was a new trial. But her  
course was decided upon. She must  
face the truth and bear the burden as  
best she could. She would tell them  
how she had erred, and what her pun-  
ishment was, and she would keep his  
home as it was—always smiling, al-  
ways ready to give him a welcome if  
perchance his wandering, mayhap, dy-  
ing feet should ever come homeward.  
And so, after much blame and wonder-  
ment, they ceased to trouble her, and  
she was alone, to bear her cross as  
best she might.

Very faithfully she fulfilled her du-  
ties. John's customers at the market  
town were not ill-pleased with the pale  
gentle-spoken little woman who oc-  
cupied his accustomed stall, and she soon  
grew a favorite and found ready sale  
for her fresh, crisp vegetables and lu-  
cious berries.

So the slow years passed on, and  
one day some seafaring man, home  
coming to their families after long to-  
sion on wild seas, told of having seen  
John Cranshaw in the whaling grounds  
a stanch man and true, but "changed  
like, kinder quiet and offish in his ways  
and getting gray, too, right smart."  
This Avis laid up in her heart, and the  
wandering seaman was always welcome  
to her door, and was always question-  
ed eagerly, yet cautiously, of those  
"who go down to the sea in ships."  
Now she began to walk by the shore,  
always looking seaward, and to watch  
the weather, and stormy nights found  
her sad heart always watching, wait-  
ing, for she knew not what.

Baby Ellice grew apace a maiden  
passing fair, and clung to her mother  
with an intensity of devotion; an all-  
absorbing love, that comforted the  
weary woman, even while she feared  
the joy was to great for her to keep.  
And so it came to pass she had not  
borne all there was to bear, she had  
not drained the cup she had prepared  
for herself. One day a gay party went  
sailing merrily out on the blue waves;  
among them Ellice, the lightest-heart-  
ed of them all. But the storm-cloud  
lowered, and the sudden, fierce winds  
blew out of the infinite distance, and  
the laughing party never came back.

The cruel sea hid them in its depths,  
and made childless the worse than  
widowed mother.

Poor, patient Avis bowed so silently  
beneath the stroke that they said  
among themselves, "She is struck  
dumb; her grief has crazed her." But  
she lived on—for we cannot die when  
we would—though the brown hair was  
quite silvered now, and the thin cheeks  
were ghastly in their pallor, but she  
never faltered in her duty. The even-  
ing fire ever burned brightly, and the  
nightly candle shone from the window  
as was their once dear custom, so that  
should he come within sight of his  
home, he would know she was waiting  
for him, as of old.

And so twenty years rolled heavily  
by, and she still waited. She would  
say to those who questioned:

"He is not dead, for if the sea held  
him some token would come to me; or  
if the earth covered his breast it would  
thrill beneath my tread. He may  
come, and I can wait."

One chill autumn morning a man,  
bent and broken in form, climbed the  
low wall of the village cemetery on the  
hill, and with fear-haunted face search-  
ed among the mossy stones. A long,  
long time he searched, and then from  
the white lips broke a fervent:

"Not here. Thank God, not here!"

All that day he lay hidden in the  
damp grass and ferns on the hillside.  
But when night fell, and the gleams of  
household fires shone far and clear  
from the village, he slowly and pain-  
fully dragged himself toward them.

Avis had just placed the candle on  
the sill as he stopped at the gate, while  
the familiar ray made his heart beat  
heavily and his breath came hard.  
Then he realized what he had feared  
most, and on his knees in the frosty  
grass prayed earnestly:

"Thank God, she is alive!"

Cautiously he made his way to the  
window and peered in, but shrank  
back aghast, muttering:

"Is that Avis?—that silver-haired  
saint my blue-eyed darling? How  
changed!—ah, me, how changed!"

"Then came a thought cutting like  
a knife: 'Was she waiting still for  
him, or was there some other?' He  
writhed in silent agony, and whisper-  
ed hoarsely:

"Avis, my darling, Avis!"

Hark! she was coming to the door.  
He drew back into the shadow and  
waited. A gleam of light shot into  
the outer darkness, and a loved voice  
said eagerly, lovingly:

"John, where are you? I am here  
my husband, waiting—"

A sudden figure uprising from the  
night, a voice in her ears: "Avis, my  
love, I am here!" A look, a fervent "At  
last, at last! O, my God! I thank  
Thee!" and two purified lives came to-  
gether again to round softly to their  
allotted end, as after stormy weather  
comes at last the tranquil sunset.

## MORE THAN A MILE A MINUTE.

THE EXCURSION TRAIN THAT LEFT A WHIRL-  
WIND IN ITS WAKE.

*A Mile in Fifty-seven Seconds—One  
Hundred and Eleven Miles in One  
Hundred and Nine Minutes—Step  
Down, Mr. Vanderbilt!*

From the Detroit Free Press.

There was only one stop in the 111  
miles that separates St. Thomas from  
Amherstburg on the Canada Southern  
Railroad. The engineer, Macomber,  
was surrounded by an admiring throng,  
and passengers and railroaders com-  
mented on the handsome appearance  
of his iron steed. The steam gauge  
just before starting showed a pressure  
of eighty-five pounds, a moderate  
figure for a locomotive. Conductor  
Crawford sang out "All aboard!" and  
the special train with Bishop Burgess  
on board pulled out from St. Thomas  
at 5:27 P. M. A grand hurrah from  
the platform signalled the departure.

Once the bridge was cleared, Mac-  
omber "let her out." Bishop Burgess,  
in the palace car, after receiving the  
salutations of the gentlemen of the  
party, sat down, and dinner was served  
to him and his traveling companions  
upon a small table. No one noticed  
any particular motion in the car. There  
was no disarrangement in the dishes,  
crowded and small as was the table.  
The hum of the train was sharper than

usual, and the rushing air against the  
windows sounded like the sweeping of  
a rain storm. Otherwise there was no  
indication of unusual speed to a person  
in the car.

Presently watches were taken out  
and observations made. The rever-  
end clergy, as well as the more world-  
ly laity, became interested.

"A mile in sixty seconds!" ejaculat-  
ed one.

Shortly after—"A mile in fifty-eight  
seconds!"

Again—"A mile in fifty-seven sec-  
onds!" and the enthusiastic Frank  
Moran, with a cheer that intensified  
the excitement, announced that his  
stop-watch marked fifty-five seconds  
to the mile.

Before one could point out an ob-  
ject it had vanished. Before a ques-  
tion could be asked and answered a  
mile had sped; five miles were trav-  
ersed in the interval while cigars were  
handed around and lighted by as  
many men. A flock of blackbirds, fly-  
ing towards the west with all their  
fleetness in cleaving the air, were soon  
left behind and lost to view.

The wires on the telegraph poles  
swung up and down from the move-  
ment of the train. The bushes on  
the side of the ditches shook as if  
swept by a hurricane, the tall and  
gaudy yellow coxcombs that grew be-  
side the fences bent to the ground in  
a seemingly overpowering desire to  
get loose from the earth and follow  
the rushing train. The dust from  
newly ballasted portions of the track  
and the chips and leaves rose up  
fiercely against the force of gravita-  
tion, and whirled and gyrated like  
vapory clouds in a tempest. A thin  
line of smoke stretched interminably  
in the distance. The impetus of the  
train increased; the vehemence with  
which it rushed forward created a vac-  
uum that apparently took nature some  
seconds to overcome, and the spirits  
of the passengers were exhilarated by  
the unprecedented speed at which  
they moved through space.

A side-track passenger train saluted  
us with cheers and locomotive whis-  
ties. Neither was heard; before the  
sound could reach the ears of the pas-  
sengers in the special it was beyond  
hearing. One could see the rushing  
steam and the waving handkerchiefs.  
Train Despatcher Noble reported that  
six miles between Highwood and Ridge-  
ton were made in five minutes; the fifty-  
seven miles between St. Thomas and  
Charing Cross were made in fifty-six  
and a half minutes. A halt at Char-  
ing Cross for four minutes for water,  
and then on again with the same over-  
powering velocity. But go as fast as  
it might, the Canada Southern train  
could not overtake the sun; it sank,  
and nightfall came on. Then could  
be seen the work of the fireman.  
Every time he opened the furnace  
a volume of sparks shot out, and the  
trailing fire came down upon the  
track like the pyrotechnics of an aerial  
mine.

Finally a sharp twist that sent the  
standing passengers over to the right,  
and then another that sent them in  
the other direction, and the yard of  
Amherst station was reached.

Hurrah! One hundred and eleven  
miles in one hundred and nine min-  
utes! The fastest time in America—  
beating by three minutes the run of  
Vanderbilt's special train.

## A MOST DISTRESSING AFFAIR.

A YOUNG GIRL FRIGHTENED INTO CONVUL-  
SIONS.

(From the Cincinnati Enquirer, Sept. 23, 1877.)

A most distressing affair occurred  
Friday night at the residence of Mr.  
Frank C. Lammers, at No. 195 Betts  
street, in which a thirteen-year-old girl  
named Katie Grabe, whose widowed  
mother lives at No. 155 Clark street,  
was the sufferer. It seems that the  
boys in that neighborhood have been  
losing a number of pet pigeons at the  
hands of other boys, who made period-  
ical raids on the birds. In order to  
stop the thieving, the owners of the  
pigeons, among whom were Herman  
Lantz and three others, named Weisel,  
Niemers, and a boy called "Cookey"—  
all between the ages of fourteen and  
sixteen years—concluded to mask their  
faces by blacking them and lay in wait

for the expected raiders. On the night  
in question, about eight o'clock, the  
moon shining very brightly, the boys,  
while waiting, thought it would be fun  
to scare little Katie Grabe, who was  
engaged at her domestic duties in the  
rear part of the Lammers residence.  
Soon the girl came into the back yard,  
when the boys rushed upon her with  
yells and whoops, their black faces  
shining ominously in the moonlight.  
The poor girl for a moment stood still  
with terror, and then fell moaning and  
fainting at their feet, and presently lay  
still as if in death. The boys, now  
thoroughly frightened themselves, gave  
the alarm, and Katie was taken to the  
residence of her aunt, Mrs. Henry A.  
Klonne, who resides a few doors east,  
at No. 175 Betts street. Dr. Wenning  
was at once summoned, but all his ef-  
forts were unavailing in restoring her  
to consciousness, and she lay in a stu-  
por until last night when she was taken  
to her mother's home, being somewhat  
better, but still in a most unnerved  
condition. Whenever any one approach-  
ed her bedside yesterday morning, she  
would manifest the utmost distress,  
and throwing out her hands as if to  
ward off some horror would cover  
back seemingly in the most abject  
terror. It was at first feared that the  
effects of the fright would result in  
total idiocy, but last night it was hop-  
ed that this terrible fate would be spar-  
ed her. The boys, of course, are greatly  
distressed at the serious turn their  
prank took, as they had no idea of  
scaring her so badly. It may, however,  
learn them not to go masquerading  
with black faces any more.

[Mrs. Grabe is a deaf-mute tailoress  
and has to support her children. The  
Enquirer made an error in saying that  
she is a widow. She is a grass widow.  
—En. Jour.]

## AN ASTONISHING RECOVERY.

AN INTERESTING BIT OF NEGRO HISTORY TOO

A deaf and dumb negro in the Louis-  
ville workhouse has told the following  
story to a *Courier-Journal* reporter—

My name is Patrick Lee. I was the  
property of William Lee of Newman,  
Georgia, in slavery days. I left my  
master in 1866 and went to Cohomo  
county, Miss., and worked on a farm  
with James Armis for half the crop,  
and stayed with him one season and  
made eight bales of cotton and forty  
barrels of corn. I went with my share  
of the crop to Helena, Arkansas, and  
sold it for \$333 and four suits of cloth-  
ing. After drawing my money there  
was a large crowd gathered around me.  
I was a stranger in the city, and had  
no particular place to go to, and left  
the crowd I was in as soon as possible,  
and was looking around town prepara-  
tory to returning home. I met with  
a negro and a white man, each of whom  
I thought I saw in the crowd above  
mentioned. They invited me home  
with them. They said they resided  
three miles from the city. They acted  
very gentlemanly towards me, and I  
kindly accepted their invitation to re-  
main over night with them. We start-  
ed on our journey towards their home  
late in the evening. We had traveled  
about one mile from town when the  
negro asked me for a chew of tobacco.  
I was in the act of handing him a chew  
when the white man struck me from  
behind, on the head, with a piece of  
fence rail, and knocked me down. I  
raised myself on my knees, when the  
negro made a rush at me with his knife  
and cut my throat, and, after robbing  
me of all my money and clothing, left  
me bleeding and helpless, weltering  
in my gore all that night, with the ther-  
mometer at ten degrees below zero.  
You can imagine for yourself the con-  
dition I was in the next morning, nearly  
frozen to death, when a member of  
the Sixteenth United States infantry  
found me lying in the road. He turned  
me over with his foot, and, finding  
that life was not extinct, he procured  
a wagon and brought me to headquar-  
ters, where my wounds were examined  
and cared for by the Post surgeon.  
He gave me up and said there was no  
hopes for me. I finally began to get  
a little better, and from that time for-  
ward I began improving in health, but  
lost my power of speech entirely. I  
went from Helena to Memphis, Tenn.,  
and stayed in the hospital awhile. I  
left the hospital and then took to  
steambathing. I will state here that  
I was also stabbed in the side by the  
negro and white man at the same time  
my throat was cut. I have followed  
the river ever since. I then left Virks-  
and came to Louisville, and made my  
headquarters in Glover's alley, at the  
home of Harriet Day. Myself and I-  
saac Barber had a difficulty at Harriet's  
house. He had me arrested, and pre-  
ferred the charge of assault and bat-



## DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, OCT. 4, 1877.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

### NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Some of our subscribers have complained, and not without good reason, that they can not read their JOURNAL of Sept. 18th. We take the opportunity to say to all that the blurred and bad appearance of that edition was the result of an accident, which we could not remedy in time to reprint. We know it was a sore disappointment to ourselves, but we hope hereafter to print a paper that will be easily read. Mistakes are liable to occur in all well-regulated families, but we hope to make no more of that kind.

### WHAT IS GRATITUDE?

Gratitude implies a debt due to others for some favor, or favors, received. In a worldly sense, we owe a debt of gratitude for kindness shown us by earthly friends. To our fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, and companions we are in many ways indebted for assistance and innumerable acts of kindness. Ungrateful, indeed should we be if, after being the recipients of the love and favors of others, we should be so unappreciative of their goodness as to forget, or neglect, to reciprocate their favors. If he is to be reprehended, who fails to appreciate, remember, and return good for favor in his intercourse among his fellow men, how base, ungrateful must he be, who does not feel thankful to Him who is the giver of all things? In a spiritual sense, duty to God demands thankful hearts for every blessing that we enjoy.

Let no deaf-mute repine at his lot, because he is deprived of the sense of material sounds, but rather rejoice and feel grateful for the many other blessings which God has conferred on him. Let us not murmur at what we are pleased to term our misfortune, but give thanks for the facilities which we do possess. Neither repining nor chafing can better our condition, but a spirit of gratefulness for present good makes our seeming unhappiness dwindle into utter insignificance. It is our imperative duty, if we do not already possess the attribute, to cultivate and cherish a spirit of gratitude, not only for past but all present mercies.

### THE STATE AND THE INSTITUTIONS.

At the last session of the Legislature of this State, some important legislation occurred, affecting the various institutions for the deaf and dumb.

The New York Institution pushed a bill through both branches, amending the charter of the Institution in these several important particulars:

1. Authorizing the Institution to select a new site for buildings anywhere within 100 miles of New York City.
2. Authorizing it to raise \$250,000, or any less sum, by mortgage on its present property for purposes of improving the new.
3. Authorizing it to receive an annual income, not exceeding \$100,000, exclusive of its per capita on State and county pupils.

The Central New York Institution at Rome, after a gallant fight to secure \$30,000 for the partial erection of necessary buildings for school purposes, retired defeated only on the Governor's veto.

A new institution has been added to the ranks: that of the St. Joseph's Institution. This is a sectarian establishment with headquarters at Fordham and a branch in Brooklyn. It has existed for years on all kinds of charity, and after repeated knocking at the State Treasury, at last finds the door

open. With St. Mary's of Buffalo, we have two institutions in the State under Catholic auspices.

Two years ago we reported the initial movement in the matter of a Constitutional amendment seriously affecting the institutions. It provided, in the original draft, that no school of whatever nature in this State should receive aid in any manner public, unless the property belonged to the State, or the county, or the town in which located. This threatened a great change of management, and doubtless stirred sundry parties to action, for in its revised form the amendment excepts institutions for the blind, the deaf, and juvenile delinquents from the provision. But on one important point it is fixed, deaf and hearing alike, shall not be taught in sectarian schools and recognized by the State. The amendment goes to the people this fall, and if adopted it will cut off the St. Mary's (Buffalo) Institution and the St. Joseph's (Fordham and Brooklyn) Institution from all State and county aid; and, if the charge of Hebreu sectarianism is sustained against the Institution for Improved Instruction of Deaf-mutes in New York City, that establishment also ceases to partake in the benefits of the public treasury.

We state the facts as they exist, and prefer not to make any comments till the matter is decided one way or the other.

### JOHN R. BURNET'S GRAVE.

Too late for action at the Elmira Convention of the Empire State Association of Deaf-mutes, a letter was received from Mr. Ronald Douglas with the information that the grave of the late John R. Burnet is without a headstone, or anything to indicate whose remains repose beneath the little mound in the rural New Jersey cemetery. The letter, published in the JOURNAL with the proceedings of the convention, suggests that the Association provide for the erection of something over his grave.

The Association, beyond a doubt, will contribute liberally to whatever acceptable plan the project may be; but it is not equitable that the Association should take upon itself the whole burden. It may, and doubtless will, be a generously-contributing agent, and spare no efforts in the work. John R. Burnet was a representative man. His life work was visible in every department of the profession of deaf-mute instruction.

As an instructor of the New York Institution, a compiler of books and writings in the interest of the deaf, a contributor to the *Annals* and the deaf-mute press, his memory is, in each and every walk, held in grateful remembrance, and it is eminently fitting that from these sources should come contributions to adorn the grave, almost forgotten.

It needs no costly monument. The opportunities of liberality of the living take color from the complexion of the times, and where once a few thousands would not be thought excessive, a very few hundreds will suffice. We make no suggestions as to the amount, nor do we hint at any extravagance, but we do insist that the grave of this excellent and intelligent man should not remain without some memorial, slight though it be, a monument longer than is necessary.

### TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY SERVICES OF ST. ANN'S CHURCH.

At St. Ann's Church for deaf-mutes, New York, Sunday, the 7th of October, will be held the 25th anniversary of the founding of this church. Its first services were held in the small chapel of the University on Washington Square, on the first Sunday of October, 1852. In the fall of 1857, the congregation removed to the lecture room of the new Historical Society Building, corner of Second Avenue and Eleventh Street. In July, 1859, the present property in 18th Street, a little west of Fifth Avenue, was purchased. There services have been held since the first Sunday of August, 1859. Dr. Gallaudet will preach his twenty-fifth anniversary sermon to the hearing and speaking portion of his parish at 10:30 a. m., and to deaf-mutes at 2:45 p. m.

### PLEASE RENEW.

Each week the subscription of some of our readers expires. With few exceptions subscribers renew, and many of them promptly, but others are more tardy about it and wait some time before paying for the renewal. Of course, unless otherwise ordered and all dues paid, if there are any, we keep on sending the paper regularly, so that readers may not miss a single copy. We earnestly request promptness in paying renewals for the JOURNAL, as we are in constant need of funds to pay for stock, rent, help, and other expenses. It is earnestly hoped all subscriptions will be renewed by notice before the expiration of the time subscribed for, and that the same will be accompanied by the pay for the paper.

### The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

The Wisconsin Institution opened with 120 pupils.

Gannett Miner, of Wisconsin, is in Nashua, Iowa, tending bar.

At last accounts the Michigan Institution had 200 pupils.

Steward Church, of the Michigan Institution is happy in the possession of a new office safe.

Mrs. Hutton of Cleveland has been very low with typhoid fever, but is now recovering.

A deaf-mute claiming to be cousin to President Hayes, has turned up in the Michigan Institution.

We do not hear anything new of the project of a day school in Cleveland. Has it fallen through?

The editor of the *Mirror* improved his vacation, and his pocket book, by clerking in an agricultural store.

The *Tablet* office has been improved by the addition of a Columbia Job Press and several fonts of Job type.

Prof. Turner's friends and correspondents will please address him at No. 27 Appleton street, Boston, Mass., instead of at Worcester.

Rev. Mr. Mann and family have moved to Cleveland and reside at No. 23 Linden street, to which all correspondence may be addressed.

The friends of Miss Leonard C. Gray will be pleased to learn how she has passed her time since the deaf-mute convention at Elmira.

Adrian C. Hargrave, of East Boston, Mass., has lately been severely afflicted by the death of his father, who has been in delicate health for many years.

Mrs. Fleming, a hearing lady from New York, has been appointed to the vacant position of Assistant Matron in the Central New York Institution.

A self-opening gate has made its appearance at the front entrance of the grounds of the Michigan Institution, for which "Caddy" and his kindred are devoutly thankful.

Somewhere connected with the West Virginia Institution is a philanthropist in a small way. He always has a tooth pick in his vest pocket instead of a cigar, to treat his friends.

P. W. Eakland, of Salem, will officiate before the Boston Deaf-Mute Society, Sunday, Oct. 7, and will be pleased to see any mutes who can make it convenient to attend.

The editor of the *Carlinia* (Pa.) *Herald* boasts of a peach shown him by Thomas B. Shower, a deaf-mute. The peach weighed nine ounces, and was taken from a tree in Mr. Shower's garden.

Mrs. W. S. Sparrow, a graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College, says the JOURNAL is "a paper worthy the warmest support of the deaf-mute community, as it is eminently fitted to engage their minds on high objects."

The Virginia Institution, being bored beyond endurance by parties who persisted in tapping the water pipes supplying it with the liquid, laid a private line of pipe, 4,000 feet in length, during the vacation, and it is thought there will be no more bother.

A lady who is making a tour of the Institutions with intent to hunt up the best system to educate her little deaf son, visited the Michigan Institution and expressed her opinion that it is the best managed and has the best system. The lady resides in Kalamazoo, Michigan.

It is reported, on apparently good authority, that the Rochester Institution has eighty-five pupils. Two additional teachers have been appointed. Both are hearing ladies. That Institution has now five teachers with no deaf-mute among them, and only one has had any experience in the profession.

This pedagogic in a deaf-mute institution with little experience in signs, generally mounts the platform to officiate in the chapel with feelings steeped in too dread a mystery to be adequately described, and it is problematical if he gets through satisfactorily. We are glad to chronicle that Prof. Platt, of the Michigan Institution, passed the ordeal in an admirable manner.

Now and then one comes across a person of low instincts and devoid of decent sense. During a service in a certain locality recently one of this description (his name is known) placed a piece of candy in the contribution box, thinking it was a good joke. It is to be hoped that he will think seriously of his folly and irreverence, and if he is ever heartily ashamed of it he is sufficiently punished.

The following reasonable changes have been made in the interior of the buildings of the Michigan Institution: The third floor of the school wing, formerly used for shops and servants' dormitories, has been overhauled and put in fine trim for the boys' dormitory. The old dormitories of both sexes have been partitioned off into rooms, with two beds in each and the girls will have the exclusive use of them. The various shops have sought new quarters, and the printing-office finds itself in a large sunny room over the cabinet shop whose machinery sometimes makes too much noise for the good of the typewriter.

From the Elmira Convention she came en route to the Franklin County Springs, at Coxsackville, Wyoming county, N. Y., accompanied by her mother. On Saturday, the 25th of September, she left for Buffalo to visit, by invitation, her highly esteemed friend, Mrs. Preston, a deaf-mute lady of culture and refinement. To-morrow (Friday, the 5th of October), she leaves for Rochester with her mother to visit her aunt residing there, when she will avail herself of the pleasure of visiting the Institution there, also of greeting one of her cherished friends, Miss Mary M. Hazard, of Buffalo, at whose home she has passed many social hours and where she is ever made to feel welcome.

When Miss Gray shall return to her own loved home in Brooklyn, she will think of the kindness shown her while among her dear friends, and should they come that way, she knows they will find a mutual response in the loving hearts at home, mingling her own dear kindred.

Marion Mack recently died in Jefferson county, Ohio. He was a foreigner by birth, but had been for many years a resident, without naturalization, of a place in Jefferson county, and was a native of the Pennsylvania line, so that he avoided taxation in either State by removing from one to the other at the times of lying property. He was unmarried living poorly and accumulated a fortune. He had no relatives nearer than a third cousin, and he bequeathed the bulk of his fortune in two items, one of \$30,000, the Columbus Hospital for the Insane, and one of \$20,000 to the Ohio Institute for the Deaf and Dumb. The will is in possession of the Attorney General of Ohio, but the will resides in Pittsburgh, and refuses to testify, owing to the Russell cousins forcing a probate of the will in Pennsylvania, and contesting it there for their own benefit. As no part of Russell's estate was in lands, the effort will be to prove, on the one part that he resided in Ohio, and on the other, that his home was in Pennsylvania. —*Dayton (O.) Journal*.

### A FIRE IN THE HARDWARE STORE OF B. S. STONE & CO.

BERT TREADWELL NEARLY SUFFOCATED.

About three o'clock last Saturday morning Bert Treadwell, who is clerking for E. Rulison, dry goods and clothing, at the corner of Main and South Jefferson streets, and sleeps in the south end of the second story of the store, was awakened by a stifling sensation, caused by the inhalation of smoke, and by the crackling sound of fire. When he awoke he was nearly suffocated. As soon as he had sufficiently aroused to understand what he was about, he jumped from his bed, seized part of the bedding and threw it, down stairs as he supposed, snatching what clothing he had near the bed and bounced for the lower floor. The store being filled with dense smoke, he could not distinguish objects in the darkness. As he hastily descended, he came in contact with the bedding, which had lodged on the second or third stair, over which he stumbled and fell to the bottom of the stairs on the first floor, and was considerably bruised and wrenched. Gathering up as soon as possible, he ran to the door and opened it, and shouted fire, with all the strength at his command. He soon aroused those near by, the alarm spread, and the M. B. and the Episcopal Church bells rang out their warning notes. Men, women, and not a small number of children hastily left their sound morning slumbers and hurried forth in search of the fire. It was discovered that the fiery fiend was doing its destructive work in the upper and south part of the hardware store of B. S. Stone & Co., in the same block with, and one door west from Rulison's store.

On the second and back floor of the hardware store is the tinners' shop of the above-named firm. Above the shop, in the south-west corner of the roof was the place where the fire was making its greatest progress. The hose belonging to Thomas's hydraulic power was attached and a stream of water let on, and firemen and citizens worked the fire engine to the best of their ability; but for a short time the fire seemed to resist all efforts brought to bear against it, and many were of the opinion that the entire block would be consumed; but, after splicing hose once or twice, streams were brought to play which told on the flames, and in a short time after the fire was under complete control, and very soon the last spark was extinguished. The immediate result of the fire was the destruction of that part of the building above the tin shop, and part of the partitions between it and another room and between the shop and the adjoining room over Croft's shoe store.

The damage, by water, to hardware goods in upper and lower rooms, and the injury to goods in the back part of Rulison's store have not yet been determined. Croft's goods were removed from the store to the Goodwin place, on the opposite side of the street, and his loss was small. The store and goods of B. S. Stone & Co. were fully insured as were also those of Rulison. The loss to Rulison is not supposed to be large. Bert Treadwell is able to be about, but is suffering considerably from the inhalation of hot smoke. All of his clothing was ruined, with the exception of one suit, which he took when he fled from his room.

The past experience of this village with its frequent fires, causes the cry of fire, especially in the night, to make our citizens shudder, and the last fire was not without its many little incidents produced by nervous excitement.

Skinner & Wright removed their law library and loose papers from their office, which is over the front part of Rulison's store.

There were a few minor accidents while the fire was progressing. John Didier had one of his hands hurt, but not seriously, by getting it jammed while handling the nozzle of the hose, and Frank Johnson received a gash on his face from the falling of a broken window.

For distinguished efforts during the fire, T. W. Skinner gave five dollars to be divided between James Sherman, foreman of the hose company, and foreman H. Barker, M. Talley, C. Amos and J. Didier. Capt. Boyd, proprietor of the Mexico Hotel, worked like a hero from first to last, and many others, too numerous to mention, put forth their most vigorous efforts to help subdue the fire.

Considering the many and very destructive fires that have heretofore occurred in our village, there is cause for congratulation and thankfulness that the above fire was quenched before doing more extensive damage.

### REV. MR. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Sunday, October 14; Delaware, Ohio, Wednesday, October 17; Dayton, Ohio, Friday, October 19; Cincinnati, Ohio, Sunday, October 21; Cleveland, Ohio, Wednesday, October 24; Indianapolis, Ind., Sunday, October 28.

### NO CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.

The DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL reaches us very irregularly, and often not at all. —*Mirror*.

We would ask the *Mirror* man on what ground we are obliged to mail the JOURNAL regularly. To say nothing of the long suspension of the *Mirror* during the vacation of the Michigan Institution, of the irregularity of the paper during the past year, and of the omission of several numbers, we have never received a copy of the annual report of the Michigan Institution, though the JOURNAL has been sent to it ever since the first day of its publication.

### SUNDAY AND EVERYDAY NIGHT SERVICES.

Prof. Job Turner expects to officiate in the following places:

Martha's Vineyard, Mass., October 3; Providence, R. I., October 7; Newport, R. I., October 10; Pawtucket, October 12; Fall River, October 14; Norwich, Ct., October 17; Concord, N. H., October 21; Montpelier, Vt., October 24; Boston, October 28; Cambridgeport, October 28; Marblehead, October 28. Those who see these notices are earnestly requested to notify their friends.

### Local Paragraphs.

Good Early Rose potatoes are now selling for 80 cents a bushel.

There were a few peaches in market last week at \$1.50 per bushel.

Mrs. P. M. French, of Syracuse, is visiting friends in this village.

Dr. Radway, who has been quite sick for several weeks, is able to be on the streets.

Our friend Walter Stone, of the *Camden Advance*, was in town and gave us a call last Monday.

We learn that Mrs. Henry Humphries has been quite sick and under the Doctors care for several days past.

Mr. Levi Hungerford, who has been dangerously sick for a few days, is now better and able to be out again.

Farmers are improving the time during the pleasant weather in harvesting their crops of corn, buckwheat and potatoes.

The Democratic Town Committee, of this town, for the ensuing year, are S. R. Spooner, J. Simons and Jacob Brown.

Mr. Harry Adams, of Plank Road, N. Y., is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Elias Burdick, and other friends in this village.

Mr. John Wing, who was hurt and confined to the house for several days, is getting better and able to be on the streets occasionally.

S. L. Alexander, who has been quite sick for several days with inflammatory rheumatism, is better and able to be at his store again.

W. J. Smith is building a house for some one in New Haven. He intends to work at the inside of his own new house next winter.

Dealers in fire wood are bringing it in in small quantities, but the continued warm weather and reduced price of coal do not help its sale much.

Sterling Newell, Alonzo Peck, C. C. Brown, Peter Gray, John Berry and C. H. Harvey are the delegates from this town to the County Democratic Convention.

Van Auker, the murdered man, lived in West Monroe instead of Parish, as we stated last week. His wife who is now in jail, professes to be entirely innocent of the crime.

Many "extra" freight trains passing over this branch of the road lately indicates that the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg R.R. Company is doing a very good business.

On Saturday, the 22d ult., the Alerts and the Picked nine Base Ball Clubs played a game on the county fair grounds. The game was won by the Alerts by a score of 33 to 11.

The Republicans are holding their County Convention to-day (Wednesday) in this village. There is quite a contest this year over the nomination for County Judge, and Surrogate.

The people of Sandy Creek are much incensed at the pulling up of the Syracuse Northern railroad track from that place to Palmski, and are talking strongly of resorting to legal measures with the R. W. & O. R.R. Company.

A friend, writing from Chicago, informs us that the bank failures in that city are producing much distress among many of the poor people who had deposited their little savings of money, which they had earned during the summer, in the savings bank.

There has been considerable thieving among grape vines this fall, but we have not suffered much on that account. We know of an old musket that has been loaded nearly to the muzzle with shingle nails and rock salt, to repel any invasion of that kind.

An ungrateful tramp was the one, who was fed and sheltered by Mr. William Sainsbury from Saturday night till Monday morning, and who, after Mr. Sainsbury had gone to his work, stole what loose provisions he could get hold of then proceeded on his way to gull some one else.

Last Friday evening twelve or fifteen young ladies and gentlemen from this village and vicinity, by invitation made Charley Everts a call, where they enjoyed a very pleasant time. Cake, grapes, water-melons and pears, all of which were very nice, were served up in abundance, and the evening was spent very pleasantly.

At the Democratic District Convention for the third district of Oswego County, which was held at Palmski last Saturday, George H. Goodwin, of Mexico, H. H. Potter, of Orwell, and Noble Hazard, of Albion, were elected delegates to the Democratic State Convention. Dr. Betts, of Palmski, was nominated for member of Assembly.

One day last week, while E. L. Huntington's people were preparing to sit down to the dinner table, one of their numerous cats stepped in and clandestinely lugged off all the beef-steak, and appropriated it to her own private account. You may bet your old hat that there were but five cats in that house on the following morning.

### TALK ABOUT FOLKS.

If Jay Gould should be killed in any of these little difficulties his wife would be certain of \$75,000 life insurance.

The Queen's maids of honor are all daughters of earls. They receive a salary of \$2,000 and a \$5,000 gift when they marry.

Anna Dickenson is besieged by the publishers for a book that will make a sensation and pay. And the cruel Anna sticks to her plans.

Mrs. Henry Elliot Johnson, of Baltimore, niece of ex-President Buchanan, lives at Wheatland in the summer, the homestead having been willed to her.

The Baltimore Gazette says: "Secretary Everts has eleven pretty daughters and when he travels with his family they want to know if it's a theatrical troupe."

"I have been in Europe," said Mr. Conkling, "but never on the other side of the Atlantic have I seen mosquitoes of the size and vigor of those in my own glorious country."

The Emperor William's gift of his portrait to Mr. Washburne was accompanied by two autograph letters of the pleasantest kind from the Emperor and Count von Bulow, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Margaret Haughey, the generous woman all New Orleans knows as "Margaret," has presented Gen. Augur with a \$400 sword in appreciation of his law-abiding behavior while in command of that city last spring.

Judge J. S. Black's article on "The Electoral Conspiracy" is to be republished in the September-October number of the North American Review, by Hon. E. W. Stoughton, the associate of Secretary Everts before the Electoral Commission.

Miss Ada L. White, the daughter of the Lord Mayor of London, was married the other day at St. Paul's Cathedral with an enormous amount of ceremony. The young lady was attended by sixteen brides-maids, and had a wedding cake so large that it had to be cut with a silver sword specially manufactured for the purpose.

The *Montague Lumberman* recommends the following recipe to the girls of that village: "A young man who has been in the habit of drinking his lager beer went to see his girl a few nights ago. On one corner of the table he found a red ribbon and on the other a mitten, with a motto between saying, 'Take which you like.' He wears a red ribbon now." This recipe would work equally well in any city or village. Girls, try it.

The arrest in New York of an Alsatian Jew for bigamy brings to light a curious state of things among that people as to marriage and divorce. It appears that the Jewish rabbis in this country especially those of the Polish and Russian Jews, grant divorces to members of their flocks, according to the Mosaic law, and the divorced persons then re-marry as they please with supreme disregard to the laws of the State. The Jews universally regard the Mosaic law as superior to any law of the State, whenever they conflict, and the rabbis grant these divorces according to the rules in Deuteronomy, without any other reason given than that the husband is tired of the wife. In Russia and Turkey the governments allow the Jews to settle these matters to suit themselves, but in America such an arrangement will scarcely answer.

A few days ago a reckless chap, calling himself Capt. Julius D. Rhodes of Springfield Erie county, made a daring jump into Niagara river, in imitation of

the foats of Sam Patch, who flourished and was killed some forty-five years ago. The Buffalo *Courier* thus describes his jump from a skeleton platform or tower, eighty-four feet high, built on the rocks near the foot of the incline railway, Prospect Park: "This he did a few minutes before 4 o'clock, in the presence of at least two thousand people, who had congregated at every commanding point. The dive was a graceful and easy one, and he came up smiling and struck out for a swim. A life-saving cork, made of cloth and lined with cork, capable of sustaining the weight of four ordinary people, was thrown into the water from a ferry barge. This he put on and buttoned up with ease. To demonstrate the practical value of the apparatus, his wife, a small, dark-complexioned woman, in a blue flannel bathing suit, jumped into the water from an elevation of about fifteen feet, and enjoyed a ride down stream with her husband." Rhodes intends jumping a distance of 194 feet some day when the wind does not blow. He claims to have made sixty-nine high leaps and dives from different altitudes, once a height of about 140 feet.

### A Table, For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, Oct. 7th.

The Psalter for the 7th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.  
1st Lesson—1 Kings viii, to v. 22d.  
2d Lesson—Luke xx.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—1 Kings viii, v. 22d to v. 62d.  
2d Lesson—2 Peter i.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Sunday, Oct. 14th.

The Psalter for the 14th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.  
1st Lesson—1 Kings xvii.  
2d Lesson—John iii.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—1 Kings xvii.  
2d Lesson—2 Peter ii.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

### MEXICO MARKETS.

RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED:  
Flour, (retail) Spring \$7 25 Red 7 75 White 8 75  
Meal, 7 cwt, (retail)..... 1 20  
Shorts, 7 ton, ..... \$16 00  
Shipplings, 7 ton, ..... \$18 00  
Middlings, 7 ton, ..... \$24 00  
Corn, ..... \$5  
Oats, ..... \$0 35

### PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE.

Butter, ..... 15 @ 22  
Loose Butter, ..... 12 @ 18  
Cheese, ..... 11 @ 13  
Lard, ..... 11  
Eggs, 7 dozen, ..... 16  
Beef, 7 lb, ..... \$6



Correspondence.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

FRIEND RIDER:—While I hear with pleasure of the prompt and efficient aid rendered at the late fire in Mr. Stone's store, by the Mexico Fire Company, and of their earnest and commendable efforts in resisting the course of the Fire King, and their final success, knowing as I do that they are, and ever have been prompt, earnest, and efficient, and deserving of much credit as well as the confidence and encouragement of every citizen, I hear, with regret, that there are those who speak disparagingly of them, and seem disposed to give the credit, belonging to the company, to others; thereby discouraging the boys, and creating dissension and distrust. Nothing is so disheartening to a fireman as those unkind remarks; and nothing so encouraging or more conducive to strength, promptness and efficiency, as kind, encouraging words from the citizens. Men can work with a will when they feel that their labors are appreciated. Not that I would detract from the acts of any citizens, or the aid they render in cases of fire, but I protest against any effort to credit the success of that night to any one party at the expense of our Fire Company, as they have always proved themselves prompt, earnest and efficient men, and anything calculated to dishearten or demoralize the company, should not be countenanced.

Union Square, Sept. 29, 1877.

NEW YORK INSTITUTION NOTES.

Vacation is at length over, and its close has again summoned us to the regular routine of duties and responsibilities. However we are all cheerful and hope to make good progress in our studies, so that at the close of the year we may be able to present clear records. With the exception of a single accident, which has already been commented upon in the JOURNAL, the school opens with bright hopes for the future. Bright faces fill the class-rooms, and a pleasant rivalry as to who shall best succeed in obeying the rules of the institution, seems to exist among the pupils. The number of pupils in attendance is as usual quite large, the classes are all well filled and in some of the classes there are cries for "elbow room." The total number present on the 25th inst., was 447, consisting of 286 boys and 161 girls, but there are still a goodly number absent who will soon be dropping in one after another.

Since the close of school the halls, study-rooms and sleeping apartments have undergone a complete renovation in which the paint-pot and scrubbing-brush have materially assisted. A new ventilating apparatus, which would take up too much space to describe, runs through the school building, and will doubtless add to the health if not to the convenience of the teachers and pupils.

The Fanwood Base Ball Club has been reorganized and is to have new uniforms made according to the latest style. It is said that they will play with the professional Hartforders some time next month. Mr. Furguson of that club having expressed a desire to witness how the mutes play. The game will be played on the Union grounds in Brooklyn in about three weeks.

On the 22d inst., we were favored with a very interesting lecture in the sign language by Prof. Jones. His subject was "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's great literary success. You can best imagine his eloquence when informed that he kept his audience entranced, from 7:30 to 10 p. m.

Last week some of our smart fellows, having nothing particular to occupy their attention, made a furious attack upon a hornet's nest located in a tree on the play grounds; result a bad defeat, hotter skulls and several beautifully swollen faces.

During vacation Edward J. Hallicy, a pupil of the first class, nobly saved a young lad from drowning. However, we are sorry to state that not even a leather medal has yet been presented to him.

The last report of this institution is out. It was presented to the Legislature Jan. 9th 1877, but for some unexplained reason did not make its appearance till August. If the State printer does not work more lively we shall be independent of his assistance and print the report in our own office. This we are well prepared to do, and we hope at no distant day to be given an opportunity to prove our ability.

New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Sept. 28, 1877.

A WORCESTER LETTER.

WORCESTER, MASS., Sept. 24, 1877. EDITOR JOURNAL:—It affords me a great deal of pleasure to send you some Worcester notes that may be interesting to your readers.

Sunday forenoon, the 16th inst., Mr. William Lynde, of Boston, preached a good sermon to the mutes in their rooms, Gorham's Block, in this city, after which a Bible class was held. In the evening, they held a prayer-meeting, and were greatly pleased with it.

I very much regret to say that, we have lost one of the members of the "Massachusetts Deaf-Mute Christian Union." Miss Abbie L. Chaffin, who went to Chicago, Tuesday, the 18th, to live with her relatives. She has lived in this city many years, and has always been a pleasant countenance. We shall always remember her looks with pleasure, and wish her much success and happiness during her absence from here. She remained a pupil at the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn., between eight and nine years, and grad-

uated at the High School two or three summers ago.

At the quarterly meeting held in the mutes' room, Gorham's Block, Wednesday evening, the 19th inst., the officers of the Massachusetts Deaf-Mute Christian Union talked over business affairs belonging to the society. Mr. Geo. A. Holmes, president of the society, and Mr. David White, collector, were present, but Mr. Geo. B. Keniston, prudential committee was absent. Everything belonging to the society was found quite satisfactory. The meeting lasted from eight till eleven o'clock p. m., and then adjourned till Dec. 20. Daniel W. Cary resigned his place as sexton, and Wm. H. Green, secretary of the society took his place. Mr. Cary was elected chairman of the committee on lectures, and Mr. W. H. Green and Miss Addie V. Joslin were elected committee on lectures. The president made appropriate remarks in the sign language, and the members were quite satisfied with what was said. I assure you that the society has done very well since Jan. 20th, and that is in quite a flourishing condition. Let the society continue to prosper. Its success, peace, usefulness and happiness, should not be marred for our sake. We are going to begin to have lectures in October, and shall continue them till spring. We hope the lectures will be in every way successful.

Mr. John Trask, of Deerfield, Mass., a deaf-mute, came to this city, Friday, the 21st and will stop with his mute friends here for several days. He is both a farmer and cigar-maker. He was educated at the American Asylum, for a number of years.

On Friday evening, the 21st, we had seven mute callers at our house, and enjoyed their company very much. They were Mrs. E. D. Denny, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Howe, Messrs. D. White and J. Trask, Misses Joslin and Houghton.

My wife's grand-mother, of Marlboro, Mrs. Lovinia R. Russell, stopped with us a week, and went home the 22d inst. She had seventeen children, many grand-children and a few great-grand-children, one of whom is our little boy. She is seventy-seven years old, but is remarkably smart.

Ira H. Dorby, publisher of "The History of the first school for Deaf-mutes of America," has done well, I believe. He is an old classmate of mine. He went to the Hartford Asylum as a scholar in the fall of 1861, and left there in the summer of 1868. He was a member of the Gallaudet High School two years. He is considered a fine specimen of manhood, and is a smart shoemaker, who helps his father work on boots in South Weymouth, Massachusetts.

DANIEL W. CARY

PROF. JOB TURNER'S REPLY TO MRS. RICHARDSON AND COFFIN.

GRAY, ME., September 27, 1877.

DEAR MRS. RICHARDSON:—While I am seated, this lovely spring-like morning, for the express purpose of replying to your letter in the DEAF-MUTE JOURNAL of the 6th inst. for defence, I am taking a very fine view of the pretty village of Gray, about two miles from my old classmate, Mr. Hiram P. Hunt's residence, pleasantly situated on what is well known as Hunt's hill, so named in honor of his grand-father, one of the earliest settlers of this place.

Day before yesterday, I arrived here, almost broken, from the mission work which I had been engaged in for about two months. I shall leave here for Boston to-morrow to hold a service in Cambridgeport on Sunday, at 10:30 a. m., and in St. Paul's Church Boston at 3 p. m. After my service, I shall leave Boston to be gone a month on a mission.

On the 8th inst., while I was preparing a sermon in Biddeford, my attention was called to your letter of the 29th ult., in the JOURNAL. Truly did I give you communication a very careful perusal, and sincerely did I give it a profound consideration with the coolness of a philosopher. It did not strike me with surprise at all, because I was fully aware that I should receive many bricks from even some of my faithful friends. I am not mad at the contents of your letter, because I cannot help feeling sure that you do not understand the object of my mission, on which ground I will most cheerfully pardon you, Misses Richardson and Coffin.

You can form no exact idea with what regret and mortification I found that you had such great misunderstandings about the object of my mission, which is yet in its infancy. I assure you, dear Misses, that it is because I have always had a high opinion of you both, sensible ladies, since I formed an acquaintance with you. I need not say that such ladies would not have written the letter.

Frankly do I assure you, dear Misses, that I have considered your remarks with very close attention, ever since I saw them in print, I very much regret to have to reply to them frankly for defence and honor, which I sincerely wish I could refrain from doing, not only because it is against my wishes, but also on account of the great respect which I have always felt and am still feeling for you both and your deaf-mute neighbors. I am and shall always be truly your friend. I am not surprised that I have so often been misunderstood by mutes, but I take no notice of what they have said, because they do not follow that appropriate motto "Look before you leap." It is a good motto for you to think of. My friends who are faithful to me, advise me not to take any notice of whatever may be said against me. It is my strong desire to live in peace with you and all the mutes, and to worship God with you in the beauty of holiness.

Am I right in thinking that you, Miss Richardson, are the President of the Newburyport Deaf-mute Society? You, Miss R. did not say that you were the President, but you, Miss Coffin said that you were the Secretary. I am sorry not to know how to address you, Miss R.

I see fit to tell you that I am now ready to give you, all the deaf-mute residents of Newburyport, as much light about the object of my mission in your city as I can, because you do not understand me so thoroughly as you ought to.

You have written down "It is true that Prof. Atwood and others made no demonstrative opposition to his" ("Prof. Turner's") establishing an Episcopal Church Mission to Deaf-mutes in Newburyport, but it does not follow that it receives our approbation." Clearly does it show me that you all misunderstand me miserably on the subject.

Please excuse me, dear Misses, for venturing to say something about Prof. Atwood, first, before explaining my position as a missionary to deaf-mutes. During my pleasant sojourn with Prof. and Mrs. Atwood in Newburyport, I did have several short talks with him as to what my intentions were, which he seemed to understand well. He did say he would be happy to attend my occasional services at Rev. Mr. Drown's Episcopal Church.

I am struck with amazement at the change of his mind. He is a gentleman of sterling worth of character, always true to his conviction of duty, and held in great esteem by a large circle of acquaintances, having been for a number of years engaged in the instruction of the deaf-mutes. I have confidence in him as a safe preacher to deaf-mutes, though I have some fears that he does not understand aright what has caused me to dedicate the balance of my life to the service of God, who seems to have called me to the work in which I am now engaged. Pained I am to find that he has forgotten what I told him.

I did tell him that it was not my intention to disturb the Newburyport Deaf-mute Society on the Sabbath day at all, but to establish a church mission simply to conduct an occasional service for such deaf-mutes and even such speaking people as might feel willing to attend it in the Rev. Mr. Drown's Episcopal Church one week day night, not on the Sabbath day. It only proceeded out of a true desire to invite you all to worship God in the beauty of holiness with us in the church occasionally. But to my great surprise you do not agree with me. I am sure that you would not have disturbed me if you had understood my position much better. The true Christian would not have done the same.

Prof. Atwood and myself called on the Rev. Mr. Drown, Rector of St. Paul's, to whom I communicated the object of my mission, and who told me that he felt a deep sympathy in my work, because he had, several times, had a desire to have an occasional service conducted in his church, for your benefit, which I still consider a high compliment to you. The Reverend gentleman is truly your friend and feels a deep interest in your religious welfare. He will not charge you a red cent for using his nice church. You say there is only a small number of mutes here, belonging to churches of different denominations. Well; I am fully aware of that. I was chosen to speak the word of God to both deaf-mutes and hearing audiences. I have my prepared sermons read to the hearing audiences, and I interpret them to the deaf-mutes at the same time. You do not know how hard I labor in the vineyard of the Lord in this way. Last July I officiated for but one deaf-mute lady in St. Paul's, Pawtucket, R. I., in which church a good many people assembled to worship God with her. An affecting scene it was. Truly an affecting scene it would have been to you. It was a great pleasure to me to hold the service with the rector, a very nice gentleman. Would you like to know how I held the service with the rector?

The rector read one verse first to the hearing congregation, and after he had read it, I translated it into signs for her benefit. After I had signed it, he read another, and after he was through, I signed it to her and so on. We did the same with my sermon. The congregation seemed interested, and requested me to conduct an occasional service in their church, which I promised to do with great gratification. The soul of one person is as good as those of two or more. Please let me call your attention to the tenth verse of the fifteenth chapter of Luke: "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

Before me are your words: "The present society was formed solely for the purpose of enabling the mutes of all denominations living in this city and vicinity, to come together and have religious services on the Sabbath, conducted in the sign language." Well; I knew it very well. Did I tell you that I intended to intrude on your services on the Sabbath? You wrote that argument as if I were ignorant of it. I had no intention whatever to destroy the prosperity of your society, which has my deepest sympathies. You do not understand my intentions thoroughly. Your society must be governed by the officers, but my mission needs not to be managed by any officer. As I am a missionary to deaf-mutes, so every place where I conduct services must be called a mission. When I officiate at Rev. Mr. Drown's Episcopal Church, what must my place be called? Your society meets regularly, but my mission is occasional. Bishop Paddock of the Diocese of Massachusetts has felt so much

interested in the intellectual and religious condition of deaf-mutes that he has given me a license to conduct special services among deaf-mutes in his Diocese, and I must be strictly faithful to the trust he has put in me. Your argument leads me to think that you are a little selfish. Please read the first and second verses of the fourth chapter of 1 Cor.—"Let a man so account of us as of the ministers of Christ and stewards of the mysteries of God. Moreover, it is required of a steward that a man be found faithful." I must fulfil my promise to hold an occasional service in your city. You must hereafter remember that I established the mission there not to disturb your society on the Sabbath, but only to hold services there occasionally, give you news about my mission work and deaf-mutes, and render you such assistance as you might need. It was my true desire to do as much good to you as I could, by requesting you to worship God with us. It would give me pleasure to officiate for you, if you desired it. No deaf-mute can form so exact an idea of the hardships and trials of a missionary as I have. Truly I have so very large a field to work in, that I have but little time for pleasure. A gentleman the other day told me that I had twice as much to do as a man of my age.

You strike me with amazement by saying "here the establishing of a Newburyport church mission to deaf-mutes by Prof. Turner, amounts to nothing as far as the mutes here are concerned." Would you have said it, if you had been as good churchmen as I am? It proves that you do not want me to hold a service in the Episcopal Church. It was selfishness that caused you to declare it, and to treat me improperly. You make me believe that you are afraid that my mission may injure the prosperity of your society, by saying, "If there were one or more mutes of the Episcopal denomination here, this setting up of such a church mission would only have the effect of dividing the present society and destroying its happy non-sectarian organization, which Prof. Turner is too intelligent not to know to be a fact." Would you have said the same if the late Miss Gomer, a good church-lady had lived? She was a resident of your city. What was it that made you say so? I had no idea whatever that my establishing the mission would confuse your society. You have surprised me by calling me "too intelligent not to know a fact." I was fully aware that there were no Episcopal mutes in your city, and yet I went there to establish a church mission to such deaf-mutes as might feel willing to attend my services free of bigotry. It is only my pure desire to invite mutes of all denominations to worship God with me. Behold! I am no bigot!

You think the establishment of an Episcopal Newburyport church mission to deaf-mutes not only unwise but unfortunate, etc., etc. A church mission is a part of the house of God, and a missionary is his servant. You do not understand how valuable a mission as well as a society is. He who meddles with any religious society, is an enemy to God. Remember one of the ten commandments, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." You have slighted His holy name by calling the establishment of a religious mission unwise and unfortunate. Let me call your attention to the fifteenth verse of the fourteenth chapter of John: "If ye love me, keep my commandments." If Christ were to tell you not to meddle with His name, would you keep that commandment? It was my great desire to glorify God by assembling mutes to worship Him. I did not intend to conduct any regular service. I shall now have about forty missions to conduct services in on Sundays and week day nights. Please mark the intentions.

You have made a great error in saying "it would interfere with the financial prosperity of the infant society here, and that the Episcopalians, who may have hitherto helped it a little will be less disposed hereafter to contribute towards the support of two societies or church missions." I had no thought about money at all, but only to hold services to the glory of our best Master. I did intend to give your society what I might get from the church, except paying my traveling expenses (very small), and also to speak to the Episcopalians in kind terms of your society, and request them to continue to contribute towards its support. Am I selfish? I told Prof. Atwood the same. He can testify to it. So often have I been misunderstood.

I am fully determined never to take any notice of anything which may be spoken against me and my mission work, but I will always defend myself by replying through the JOURNAL to anything which may attract my eyes. I however hope I shall not have that trouble. I am an old man, and have dedicated the remainder of my life to the service of God by endeavoring to ameliorate the intellectual and religious condition of my unfortunate fellow beings, by giving them lectures and leading them to the throne of God where we may have our ears opened and our mouths unstopped, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ our Lord.

May the bigotry which has for so many years been troubling the deaf mutes of Boston and vicinity give way to benevolence and harmony. I assure you, Misses Richardson and Coffin, that you shall always have my best wishes for your health and happiness. Yours sincerely,

JOE TURNER.

Go to the JOURNAL Office for your printing.

CHURCH WORK AMONG THE DEAF AND DUMB.

From the Lansing (Mich.) Republican, Sept. 21st.

In this country the art of teaching those who are deprived of the sense of hearing, and consequently shut out of the common schools, is somewhat in its infancy. In the year 1817, the first school for them was founded in Hartford, Conn., by the Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet. He went to Paris and acquired a knowledge of the sign language, and the methods of instruction pursued at the imperial institution. On his return he brought with him an educated deaf-mute, named Laurent Clerc, who was his assistant for a number of years. The school was started under the impression that the number of deaf and dumb in the country was very small, but in time many came as applicants, creating a necessity for enlarged accommodations. Still it increased, until at this time the school is in full tide of successful operation with an attendance of over 300 pupils.

The next school was founded in New York city in 1818, and in time became the largest in the world, with an attendance of nearly 600. The State of New York now supports four other institutions besides the parent one. The third school was founded in Philadelphia by Mr. Clerc, in 1821. At present Pennsylvania supports two institutions. From this time the number of those special schools began to increase, and at this day they are scattered over the union from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Besides the schools supported by state funds there are several private ones.

In all these schools there are accommodations and facilities for instructing at least 4,000 pupils. The number graduated every year continues to increase, and for these graduates efforts are now making in the principal cities to provide religious instruction, and to lay the foundations for future church work among a class so long neglected in spiritual matters. The first to move in this matter was the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., son of the gentleman whose name appears in the first part of this article. He founded a Bible class of adult deaf-mutes in New York city, in the year 1850. In 1852, St. Ann's Church was organized. It is on West 18th street, and he still continues to be its rector, besides holding the position of general manager of "the church mission to deaf-mutes," a society incorporated in the year 1872. Beginning in New York city the mission gradually extended to Albany, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other points. For a number of years it was confined to the east; but in the year 1873 it finally embraced a large portion of the west in its operations.

For some years Dr. Gallaudet worked alone, as he was the only clergyman familiar with the sign language. It must be remembered that he is fortunate in having all his faculties, and is able to minister to both hearing and deaf. He learned signs from long association with those taught by his father. In time, however, other clergymen became familiar with this silent language, and were enabled to lend a helping hand in this new enterprise of faith. A few months ago the Rev. H. W. Syle, a deaf-mute, was ordained to the ministry in Philadelphia. It was the first time that a person thus situated had ever been invested with ministerial functions. The next ordination of a deaf-mute took place in Cleveland not long after; so that at this time there are only two such clergymen in the entire world. Of course their labors are confined to those situated like themselves. One of them has been establishing and visiting regularly a number of missions in the west and northwest. The following statistics may not prove uninteresting: There is at least one deaf-mute to 1,600 of hearing. With this proportion it is easy to find the number of this class in the United States. It is about 25,000, and in the entire world nearly 1,000,000. In America there are a number of papers published in the interests of this class by those of their own number, while in the old world there are several magazines and periodicals devoted to their interests. M.

THE DEAF-MUTE SERVICES.—A service for deaf-mutes was held in the Baptist Vestry, last Sunday, by Prof. Job Turner, a missionary of the Episcopal Church. Owing to the limited notice there was not a large attendance. Services commenced by Prof. Turner repeating the Lord's prayer in the sign language. Taking his text from Job: "I was dumb; I opened not my lips," he preached a fine sermon. Prof. Turner is an eloquent speaker in the sign language. Mr. John E. Hilton read the sermon to the hearing audience. Prof. Turner proposes to establish a church mission for deaf-mutes in Danvers, and Newcastle, provided suitable accommodation can be obtained, and hold services every three months. There are quite a number of deaf-mutes in this county who have not, on account of their misfortune, attended divine service for many years. Prof. Turner is expected to return again some time in the South and Southwest, and hold another service.—*Danvers (Me.) Herald, September 27, 1877.*

The services for deaf-mutes at Grace Church last evening was very interesting to those who attended. The Rev. Mr. Gregson read the evening prayer and Mr. Turner translated into the sign language. There are 60 deaf-mutes from the State of Maine, 32 males and 28 females, attending the Institution at Hartford. "One of them is from Bath. Mr. Turner's services are highly prized by them. It is his purpose to have regular services wherever a number of deaf-mutes can be gathered.—*Bath (Me.) Daily Times, Sept. 20, 1877.*

A VERITABLE SHARK STORY.

HOW A CAPTAIN ESCAPED A HORRIBLE DEATH—WONDERFUL PRESENCE OF MIND.

In 1836 Captain Blank was master of a whale ship cruising out of New Bedford. The William King was one of those old-fashioned tubs peculiar to the last century, sailing equally well either way, bow or stern. Off Telegraph hill, near San Francisco, a school of whales was raised, led by an immense bull, and steering in a northerly direction. Two boats were at once lowered, but they had scarcely touched the water when the school parted, one part running north and the other south. Capt. Blank's boat followed one band, while Jim Watson, the mate, followed the other. The Captain's boat had a crew of magnificent oarsmen; they laid to their work with a will, and after an hour's pull came within range of the bull. Capt. Blank got an iron into him in short order, the fish sounded and went down at a speed which almost equalled that of the "lightning express" train. The line ran out with a deafening hum; the loggerhead smoked, and the boat laid her bows deep into the water. Suddenly the strain ceased, the whale was coming up, and every eye coned the seas for a glimpse of the monster. He came up like a rocket, struck the boat on the keel amidships with his nose, and lurled it thirty feet into the air. As it descended it capsized, and fell bottom upmost. The men immediately swam for it, and with the exception of the Captain, reached it, where they clung to the keel.

The Captain soon swam up, but finding the keel crowded, resolved not to risk an upsetting by venturing upon it. So he put an oar under each ear, and treading water, kept near the boat, cheering the crew, who as natural to men in their situation, were nervous and down-hearted. They floated this way several minutes, and were gradually getting over the first shock, when the stroke oarsman, a gigantic negro, called out, "Look dar—a shark!" Nothing so horrid as a shark as the appearance of that ravenous fish in hours of peril. The crew looked and saw a huge bottle-nosed shark floating apparently not more than a fathom below the surface. The Captain saw the monster also, and felt his chance of escape dwindle away to a cipher; nevertheless he did not lose his courage, and instead of hastening the event which seemed beyond-prevention, resolved to escape if possible. He knew that a shark would never bite at an unsteady bait. The nose of the creature is in its way; it must turn on its side to snap, and then only when the object is stationary. It may be for a second only, but that is enough; the shark darts like lightning, and in a moment seizes its prey. The Captain knew this, and knew his only salvation depended on keeping constantly in motion. The least pause would be fatal, so with the two oars under his arms he kept afloat, moving about incessantly, his eyes fixed on the dark monster beneath him, which followed wherever he moved. His mind was unusually active; every circumstance of his life came before him with the clearness of noonday. The scenes of his youth in particular passed before him in vivid coloring. He saw the old farmhouse in which he was born—the hills, woods, and meadows surrounding it; the distant village, the church spire, the flocks on the plains, the winding river, the cows browsing in the fields; he heard the clatter of the mill, the song of the mowers, the birds singing in the groves, and the gun echoing among the hills. He heard, too, the voice of one dearer to him than all on earth; the voice of one—but all this took place while a rapacious monster was floating within a few feet of him, waiting only for a moment's pause in his movements to rend him in pieces!

The second boat, having now rescued the wrecked men, approached the Captain, who ordered its crew to shoot by him at full speed, and as it passed he would grasp it and spring in, the critical moment being when he would lose motion and the shark would be likely to seize him. However, that risk must be taken. The mate faithfully carried out his directions. The men strained every sinew. They were whalemen, and as such, top-gallant oarsmen. The boat itself was scarcely seen, buried in a double wall of foaming spray, the oars bonding like reeds, and the gunwales quivering at each stroke. It took a steady nerve, an eagle glance, and a lightning grasp to secure the flying craft; but the Captain had these, and as it passed, seized the starboard gunwale, and was thrown like a shot into the boat. At the same instant the shark's head rose above the water, and its jaws snapped with a sound audible for a considerable distance. The Captain, as he himself remarked, escaped "only by a scratch."

GRANT AT SHAKESPEARE'S HOME. VISITING THE GREAT POET'S BIRTHPLACE AND TOMB—ONE MORE CASSETT. LONDON, Sept. 28.—Gen. Grant arrived at Stratford-on-Avon to-day, and met with a brilliant reception. His visit was made the occasion of a festival, in which the whole town took part. The houses were decorated with flags, among which the American colors were conspicuous. The stars and stripes were displayed from the Town Hall and the Mayor's residence. The Mayor and members of the Corporation received the General and Mrs. Grant, who were accompanied by Gen. Badeau, at the railway station, and escorted them to Shakespeare's birthplace. Thence the party proceeded to the Museum, the Church, Anne Hathaway's Cottage, and other places of interest. The distin-

guished visitors were subsequently entertained at a public lunch in the Town Hall. A toast to the health of Gen. Grant was proposed and drunk with cheers, and he was presented with a very cordial address, enclosed in a basket made from the wood of the mulberry tree planted by Shakespeare. The General, replying to the toast, spoke most heartily of the welcome given him. He declared it would have been impossible for him to leave England without visiting the birthplace and home of Shakespeare. He pointed to the numerous American Shakespearean societies as proof of the honor paid the poet in the United States.

HARPER'S DRAWER STORIES FOR OCTOBER.

Little Emma, from Washington, was sent on a visit to her cousin, who was an officer at Fort Monroe. She became homesick at last, and said, "Cousin A—, please put a postage stamp on my forehead, and send me home in the cars."

"With regard to these gentlemen helps," said a respectable maiden lady to a very witty matron (with daughters), "you may depend upon it they will never stoop to low mental work."

"My dear madam," was the reply, "it is the hymeneal work that I am afraid of their rising to."

I was showing my watch to my nephew, who was about six years old. He pointed to the face of the dial and said, "Why, there is another little watch!"

I said, "That is called the second-hand."

He tossed his head contemptuously, and walked off, saying, "I wouldn't own a second-hand watch." He had heard of second-hand watches, and thought this was one of them.

"It is a most extraordinary thing," said a friend one day to T. W. Robertson, the dramatist, "that old Watson talked for half an hour to me, the other day, and I couldn't understand a word he said."

"How's that?" inquired Robertson.

"Well, all his teeth are gone, you know, so that he only mumbles. I assure you it was all Greek to me."

"Greek? Nonsense. If I'd been as lost all his teeth, he was probably talking Gum-Arabic."

Sunday-school teachers have amusing experiences. In explaining the Gospel for the day, not long since, the subject being the "tares and wheat," the children were much interested therein. In closing, I said, "Now remember, the tares represent the bad people, and the wheat the good."

Tommy, who had been an intent listener, opened his great blue eyes, and said, "Miss Jenkins, you say the tares are the bad and the wheat the good?"

"Yes."

"Why," replied the practical Tommy, "it's the wheat that gets thrashed; the tares don't."

Being in the country where there was no good school, my little friend Harry was sent to a boarding-school in an adjacent town. At the close of the first week he came home suffering from a slight bilious attack and a severe attack of homesickness. His mother asked, "How do you like boarding-school, Harry?"

"Don't like it at all," was the reply. "Why?"

"Because they make us eat liver three times a week."

"But why didn't you complain?"

"Complain!" said the lad. "Why, I've got the liver complaint already."

Harry got a brief vacation.

A teacher of a Sunday-school in the interior of New York was impressing upon the scholars a lesson in connection with the death of one of their number. She told them that little Amy was now a saint in heaven. Whereupon one of the girls spoke up and said "She will get plenty of preserves there." Astonished to hear her make such a strange statement, the teacher questioned her to ascertain what could have put the idea in her mind. It was finally traced to the following question and answer in the catechism:

"Question.—Why ought the saints to love God?"

"Answer.—Because he makes preserves and keeps them."

A Maryland boy was playing with a Mexican spicce, and put it up his nose. He attempted to get it out again, but it worked its way farther in and gave him a great deal of pain. He went and complained to his father who held him firmly and extracted the coin with a pair of pincers. The boy was indignant because his nostril was lacerated, and ran to his mother to tell her of his suffering. He said:

"Mother, father is getting to be awful mean."

"Mean, child! What are you talking about?"

"Yes, I say mean, and I stick to it. He tore my nose all to pieces because he was afraid he would lose that spicce. I wouldn't be so mean for anything."

The theological students of the Episcopal seminary in 21st street are frequently called upon to officiate at the burial of paupers who die in the vicinity of New York. On one occasion the minister was very late. He came in great haste, put on his surplice, and commenced reading the funeral service: "Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God, in his wise providence, to take out of this world the soul of our deceased"—brother, he was about to say, but stopped, for the body was nailed up in the coffin, and he did not know whether it was that of a male or female. He leaned over and whispered to the Irishman who was in charge of the interment, "Shall I say brother, or sister?"

The man thought the question was personal to himself, and replied, "It's neither, yer riverince; it's only an acquaintance."



## Correspondence.

### A DEAF-MUTE PARTY IN PHILADELPHIA.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 26, 1877.  
EDITOR JOURNAL:—On the 17th inst., there was a party at the house of Miss Sarah Graham, of Philadelphia, given in honor of four students of the National Deaf-mute College, who happened to be staying at the Deaf-mute Institution there on a visit at that time. The students consisted of Messrs. Zeigler, Elwell, Jackson and the writer. Mr. Robert Livingstone, who was coming to Washington on business of his own in their company, was also present at the reception. That the affair was a grand success, is proved by the sweet recollections, which the mere mention of that night brings forth and the regrets expressed by the guests, for whom it was specially intended, that this party was the last one they would have the pleasure of attending before they returned to their irksome tasks at college.

A few deaf-mute gentlemen, of Philadelphia and vicinity, were also in attendance, but luckily for the male guests, the members of the fair sex largely outnumbered them, and they did not regret it in the least. A deaf-mute brother of Mr. Zeigler acted as host and Miss Shay as hostess on this occasion, the duties of which they discharged with signal ability and credit to themselves. The collation that was served was heartily enjoyed.

It would not be out of place here, to give the names of a few who attended the party. The ladies shall have the precedence: Misses Bacon, Hammel, Prestwich, Gray, and other fair ladies graced the occasion with their presence. The names of a few of the gentlemen were Messrs. Roop, Paul, McKinney and McMechen.

The party was kept up until one of the "wee sma' hours of the night," and when it was finally broken up, every one present declared they had never enjoyed themselves better at a social gathering; the students, one and all, agreed that the memories of that evening, and the good time they had with the fair daughters of Philadelphia, would haunt them to their last day and make their tasks at college seem less hard and irksome.

Before the party was broken up, we made Miss Graham happy with what we called "birthday presents," for this was her natal day. For particulars, I refer you to J. T. Elwell.

ONE OF THE STUDENTS.

### NEWS FROM CHICAGO.

A WEDDING—AN ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE—BROKEN BANKS—OTHER NOTES OF INTEREST.

CHICAGO, ILL., Sept. 22, 1877.  
EDITOR JOURNAL:—Quite a long time has elapsed since I have seen any news from here in the JOURNAL.

Events have been transpiring thickly for the last month or two. Among the deaf and dumb there has been a wedding, and very nearly a death at exactly the same time. At 8:30 P. M. Sept. 4th, the wedding took place at 236 West Washington St., at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Lamberson, the uncle and aunt of the bride. The bridegroom was Mr. G. A. Christenson, and the bride Miss Sallie Brasher.

The rooms were spacious and well lighted, the guests were partly composed of deaf and dumb friends and partly of hearing people. There were a number of representatives of the Chicago press present, and, being mostly young men, they complained of not being able to have a word in private with the beautiful mute damsels present, after introduction. Among the guests present were Prof. Emery and wife, Prof. Williams, Wm Sullivan, Miss Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Rafterton, Rev. A. W. Mann, Mr. Kingdon, and a large number of others.

The bride and groom made a fine appearance as they took their stand to have the marriage knot tied, which was consummated by the Rev. Mr. Caldwell, who proved himself no novice in the use of the manual alphabet.

After the marriage the cake proved delicious, and the flow of spirits was exuberant. The happy couple had a kind word and look for all their friends, and the unanimous wish of all present seemed to be that Providence might smile upon them all the way through life. They carried home with them a number of very nice presents of silver ware and furniture.

But while the above happy events were transpiring in Washington St., a far different scene was being enacted at 97 Clinton St. Mr. J. E. Thompson, a semi-mute who had worked and was doing well at his trade, of shoemaking, working in the same shop with Mr. Christenson, attempted to take his own life with a pistol. The time of marriage and shooting could not have va-

ried scarcely a minute. After shooting himself Mr. Thompson fell to the floor in great pain and agony. He was found to be shot one or two inches below the heart through the body, and the ball was taken out after probing from his back near the spine. But, strange as it may seem, this man was out on the streets, apparently as well as anybody.

The causes which led Mr. Thompson to attempt this rash act are not clearly defined, only as your reporter was able to get them from the newspapers, which stated that disappointment in love was the cause, coupled with melancholy at the loss of hearing. Of these two events neither had anything to do with the other.

A large number of deaf and dumb children have gone to Jacksonville from here to school, yet there are many left, and their absence seems scarcely noticed.

In this city the all-absorbing topic is the broken banks. Thousands of depositors, who have earned a few hundred dollars by hard labor, are being swindled and robbed by these bank managers.

Bands of men are organizing all over the city under the name of working-men, and are going to try and elect men who will protect their interests.

There were no deaf and dumb persons hurt during the late riot, though a few of them had to beat a hasty retreat before the threatening clubs of the special police.

We had a protracted convention at Jacksonville, after two efforts. Mr. and Mrs. Holmes went down and remained through the five weeks. Chicago had but few representatives there, but a general good time was experienced.

Mr. Holloway, of Iowa, and Mr. Lars Larson, of Wisconsin, spent a few days in the city recently, on their return to Washington. Both like the College. Mr. Larson says study there means business. His friends, and they are many, all wish him success.

The Exposition, in its full blast now, which is a good place for mute speculation. The variety and quality is superior to last year.

### NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On the afternoon of the 18th inst, the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes was favored with a call from Mr. W. J. Nelson, who two days previous arrived in this city from Liverpool, England, by the national steam-ship "Spain." Mr. Nelson has been spending nearly a year in Europe, with his father's family, visiting England, Scotland, and Ireland. He appears to be quite an intelligent young gentleman, and what is better still, a true Christian. He feels a warm interest in the Home and its mission.

The semi-mute young man, to whom I alluded in my last letter, has just been admitted as a pupil at the New York Institution. He bids fair to outlive some of the deaf-mutes in the literary field.

Mr. W. A. Bond, of Brooklyn, will lecture before the Manhattan Deaf-mute Literary Association on Thursday evening, Oct. 17th. As yet we have not learned what his subject is to be.

Mrs. M. L. McKie, the Matron at the New York Inst., has resigned her position, and Miss Prudence Lewis, one of the assistant matrons, fills her place temporarily.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet preached at St. Ann's Church last Sunday. That church will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary on Sunday, the 7th of Oct. We hope there will be a large attendance of deaf-mutes.

The New York Inst., for Deaf-mutes lately received an appropriation of \$5,100 from our State Legislature—quite an ample sum.

Mr. Edgar Ketcham, the father of Mr. George E. Ketcham, a deaf-mute gentleman who died more than ten years ago, is still the efficient principal of the House of Refuge for juvenile delinquents on Randall's Island. Mr. Ketcham, has held this office for many years. Our deaf-mute friend was at one time a teacher in the South Carolina Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

The New York deaf-mutes are jubilant over the news that the next convention of the Empire State Deaf-mute Association is to be held here in the summer of 1879.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Seiley, of this city, are happy in the blessing of another little daughter, their second child. They will name her Bertha. Mrs. S. is of Jewish parentage, and her husband was educated in Germany, we think.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Van Tassel, of Carmansville, N. Y., are going to name their little girl after her maternal grand-

mother, Mrs. Clotilde Lyon.

Miss Mary Fuller who has just left the N. Y. Institution for Deaf-mutes, is going next month to fill a place in the family of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Bristol, of North Argyle, N. Y. We hope she will have a happy home.

Last Friday afternoon your correspondent had a very pleasant call from Mrs. C. S. Newell, Jr. She is well and in excellent spirits. During her summer out of the city she has had a most delightful time. She and her husband went to New Hampshire to visit Mr. N's. great aunt, Miss Charlotte Stark, a grand-daughter of General Stark, of Revolutionary fame. Then they went to Boston, Mass., to attend the very fashionable wedding of Mr. Newell's youngest brother, Mr. William C. Newell, who was married on the 20th of last June to Miss Nellie Doane, of Boston. Among the handsome presents given to the happy young couple was a handsome marble clock from Ex-Gov. S. J. Tilden, and another costly gift from Gov. Robinson. If I mistake not, Mr. W. C. Newell is the private secretary of the present Governor of our State. The charming young bride wore a white silk dress. The bridal party then went to Newport, R. I., where a sumptuous supper was served at the United States Naval Station, where Lieutenant John Newell, (another brother of our deaf-mute friend, Mr. N.) who is engaged in the naval service. At the station. Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Newell were both surprised and delighted to meet their friends, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Haight. On board the splendid steamer Bristol with the party of deaf-mutes, were President and Mrs. Hayes. Lieutenant Newell escorted Mrs. Hayes about the station. While on board the Bristol, there was a very beautiful display of torpedoes which are used in time of war for wrecking vessels.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that Mrs. Hayes has learned how to use the single hand-alphabet. This will be very convenient, as she has a deaf-mute niece.

Having seen enough of fashionable Newport, Mr. and Mrs. Newell went to spend a month at the home of Miss Anna Hicks, of Old Westbury, Long Island. Here they passed a quiet time, after having mingled with the gayeties and pleasures of fashionable life.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Newell returned to the city about three weeks ago, and Mr. N. is now at his post in the Post Office.

For some weeks past Mr. John Wilkenson has been quite ill, but he is gradually recovering. He expects to go to Massachusetts about the middle of October.

VENEZUELA.

New York, Sept. 26, 1877.

### THE HIDDEN HAND, OR QUIET DOING.

BY MRS. E. M. GRAY, M. D.

Some have yet to learn that the gentlest things in nature are the most powerful, but Mrs. Jerome had not that lesson to learn. The electric flash may startle for a moment, but how much greater is the influence of sunbeams that fall so silently around us! The sunbeams of requited love were making the tiny plants connected with Flower Garden Home an earthly paradise. The very name of Flower Garden Home thrilled many hearts.

Names exercise over us a power which few of us would be disposed to admire. It is a power, however, capable of demonstration. Controversies which have kept the world agitated for years, or even for centuries, are they not often to be traced by names? How many in our own times have been the mocking words, even the bitter angry feelings excited by the name, animal magnetism, yet who doubts the thing itself? Who doubts that there resides in some a wonderful power of attraction, by which they may win to themselves the sympathies of all hearts, and move the minds of others at their will; others may overpower position by strength of reason, but these move us, by an attractive force irresistible. It is not thus with that wonderful Hungarian, who, exiled, proscribed, resorted to speaking to strange nations, in strange languages, sways not the rude masses merely, but the grave judge, the stern legislator and the solemn divine; and what is there more wonderful in any physical influence, than in this power over minds by which we are induced to yield to one, what a greater array of argument and stronger personal motives could not have won from us, for another?

Somewhat of this power was possessed by Mrs. Jerome. It was the power of a nature simple and earnest, which dared always to seem what it really was.

The true, the noble, the generous, are those who are bold and fearless for the truth, never shrinking just to cater to the wishes of others. A fixed and living principle controls their every act. True, they are not always the first to advance ideas. A native modesty oftentimes keeps them back, but when the fitness of things have come, they do not hesitate to express their views in a manner that will carry their own conviction of sincerity. These are the reliable people. As we look out on social life, as it exists beyond our immediate circle, what do we see? Society is by no means pervaded by a Christian sentiment, or entirely governed by it, though it is felt in a great measure. Mankind, though in the way of progress, have not attained in any direction to a complete control over their circumstances. We are slaves to appetite, passion. We do not rise superior to outward things as we ought, and would, if we were not such creatures of habit. Society is at fault, because it does not instruct its youth in these great principles. Older and wiser heads have learned lessons of self-control, self-government. But do they in return for the advantages derived, and oftentimes so dearly learned, transmit their knowledge to younger minds? No; they are shut up in their own shell, selfish, as they act out, "let them learn as we have learned." Instead of pointing out, by sign-boards, the rocks and pitfalls, they allow them to proceed till they are overtaken and engulfed, some to rise, others, never. Being naturally dependent upon each other, the good or evil of one class and one condition of men affects all classes and conditions. No one escapes. As soon as we enter into active life, we are compelled by the very nature of the case, to give our influence and work to one side or the other of these questions, and to be either for or against.

Evil does not, simply, affect those alone who are its immediate victims—it touches us all with its deadly hand. There is no such thing as localizing evil. Its influence is in the air, and poisons it; it is in the earth and makes it sterile; it is a shadow in every sunbeam; it is a blasting influence upon every labor. Industry is weakened. Thought, conscience, are paralyzed by it. How quietly does it taint and envenom the fresh life of youth; quenching its generous emotions, and with iron hand crushing its love of truth, liberty, and God.

On the other hand, how vitalizing is the influence of good. Fill the social state with benevolence, with self-control, with noble thoughts and aims, with humanity and truthfulness, let the air be all electric with ideas of right, with an unconquerable regard for justice, and what blessings and happiness belong to it.

Public opinion on the right side is omnipotent. If the young go out—and they must—to grapple with the evils of life, they must determine their position, and decide where they will stand. They should go out with well-established principles, and strong convictions of duty, fully convinced of their responsibility, and always remembering that the welfare of others, as well as their own is depending on their fidelity: "faithful in little, faithful in much."

We come back to the one great thought—that the home culture, in Judge Shelby's family, was doing its work in the every day lives of those who had been blessed with that home. Harvey was growing rich in all good and generous impulses. Lilla's heart was expanding in beauty, while her body was developing under the motherly care and culture of dear grandma. Dear, loving, Mrs. Shelby had grown beautiful in spirit by the afflictions and sorrows of life.

Ah! how true it is that sorrow never leaves us as it found us. If we receive it submissively as the cup which a father's love has mingled, it purifies, exalts and strengthens, but if we rebelliously dash it from our lips, and strive to wash away its bitterness by the intoxicating wine of pride, the hardening or debasement of our nature is the inevitable consequence.

The love that the Judge had for his only daughter was beautiful. It is a true remark that, "there is something peculiarly beautiful in the tie that unites a father and daughter." The reverence and obedience which a son rarely renders without some effort, is the spontaneous tribute of a daughter's heart, and the authority, which has in it, ordinarily, somewhat of sternness to a son, is tempered to a daughter by a chivalrous gentleness. Of this character, was the tie between Emma and her father. The strength of manhood in the Judge, and the gentle winning ways of his wife, stood in perfect contrast to each other; yet each were doing their appropriate

work in the formation of Lilla's character.

Sorrow has nothing purifying in itself, but it supplies the most effective stimulant to the exercise of our higher nature, and when that sorrow has been vicarious, when we assume it willingly that we may minister to another's well-being, it becomes the grand means of developing the spiritual and heavenly attributes of our humanity; and under such influences had the life of Lilla, from the time she was found a little wanderer, been developing.

Is it any wonder, that when the eventful day came that was to unite loving hearts, that Miss Emma realized that it was pregnant with good or evil—that it was the hour which introduced her to new cares and new responsibilities to meet that hour? Heaven had provided her new incentives and new supports, and, yet, to this solemn hour how many walk with gay, untroubled hearts, and eyes that look not beyond the bright season of healthy, happy youth-life as to them but a may-day festival—their life companion one who can pass gracefully, and agreeably, through its merry hours. Sad sight must this be to the angels. Sad sight it is to every one whose eyes have been opened to the mysteries of life. Let the young remember that trial is before them as well as others. Let them choose one to attend them in the encounter who, amidst the tempest and the darkness can look to the everlasting light, and, walk with assured steps and unflinching heart.

### A DEAF-MUTE KILLED BY KEROSENE.

The Yonker's Gazette of September 22d says:

At about half past seven o'clock on Saturday morning last Mrs. Sarah E. Davis, widow, and a deaf-mute, living with her little boy on the upper floor of a brick house owned by Frank Imhoff, on Riverdale avenue, lit the fire in her cooking stove. It not burning up as rapidly as she desired, she took the kerosene oil can and commenced pouring the fluid on the burning wood. The flames followed the stream up and into the can, which immediately exploded, scattering the burning oil over her clothing, which in an instant was ablaze. She tried to extinguish the flames, but being unsuccessful, ran down stairs to Mrs. Wm. Keating's apartments, where, in her frantic struggles she set fire to several pieces of furniture. Mrs. Keating tried to the best of her power to put out the fire, and in so doing burned her own hands severely. Mrs. Davis then ran down stairs into the butcher shop, where John Lewis, the butcher, put out the fire, and the unfortunate woman was taken up stairs again to her apartments. Dr. Balch was quickly in attendance and did all he could to alleviate the sufferings of the woman and she was then conveyed to the Riverside Hospital, where, after lingering a few hours in great agony, she died. Mrs. Davis was thirty-seven years of age and leaves a bright little boy an orphan. At the time the fire occurred the St. John's Church bell rang, and a portion of the fire department turned out, but their services were not needed, the fire in Mrs. Keating's rooms being quickly extinguished.

### ABBE DEL'EPPE.

Mons. Felix Martin, an artist, born a deaf-mute, has executed a group representing the Abbe de l'Eppe, who has been a beneficent friend to those thus afflicted, teaching a deaf and dumb youth, and desires it to be placed in the court of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Paris, in recognition of the debt of gratitude which he and his brethren in misfortune owe to the Abbe.

The emigration of carpenters and other classes of mechanics from this country to England is now very extensive. Twenty-five more carpenters, engaged under a three years' contract at good wages and short hours, have sailed. The American Consul at Liverpool reports that many American mechanics are arriving there, besides those under contract, and he desires that the workmen of this country be warned against going there, unless they have secured employment in advance.

Remember for what purpose you were born, and through the whole of life look at its end; consider, when that comes, in what you will put your trust. Not in the recollections of a life spent in giddy conformity to the silly fashions of a thoughtless and wicked world, but in that of a life spent soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world.

### A TREE THAT RAINS.

The Consul of the United States of Columbia in the Department of Lereto, Peru, has recently called the attention of President Prado to a remarkable tree which exists in the forests adjoining the village of Moyobamba. This tree, known to the natives as Tamai-Caspi (rain tree), is about 58 feet in height at full growth, and the diameter of its trunk is about 39 inches. It absorbs and condenses the moisture in the atmosphere with astonishing energy, and it is said that water constantly exudes from its trunk and falls like rain from its branches. So abundant is the water supply that the soil near by is turned into a marsh. The tree gives forth most water when the rivers are dry during the summer season, and when water generally is scarce. Its cultivation is proposed throughout the arid regions of Peru.—Scientific American.

BEEF TO EUROPE.—In October 1875 there were shipped to Europe 24,440 pounds of American beef. In October 1876 the amount had increased to 2,153,360 pounds. The total amount shipped during the period was 29,904,570 pounds from New York; 4,877,560 from Philadelphia, and 2,387,040 pounds from Boston.



This instrument is especially designed for the perfect application of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

It is the only form of instrument yet invented with which fluid medicine can be carried up and perfectly applied to all parts of the affected system generally. The watery solution of the medicine, which is carried up and applied to the diseased parts, communicates therewith, in which sores and ulcers frequently exist, and from which the catarrhal discharge generally proceeds. The watery solution of the medicine, which is carried up and applied to the diseased parts, communicates therewith, in which sores and ulcers frequently exist, and from which the catarrhal discharge generally proceeds. The watery solution of the medicine, which is carried up and applied to the diseased parts, communicates therewith, in which sores and ulcers frequently exist, and from which the catarrhal discharge generally proceeds.

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